Merry Christmas

The Weather:

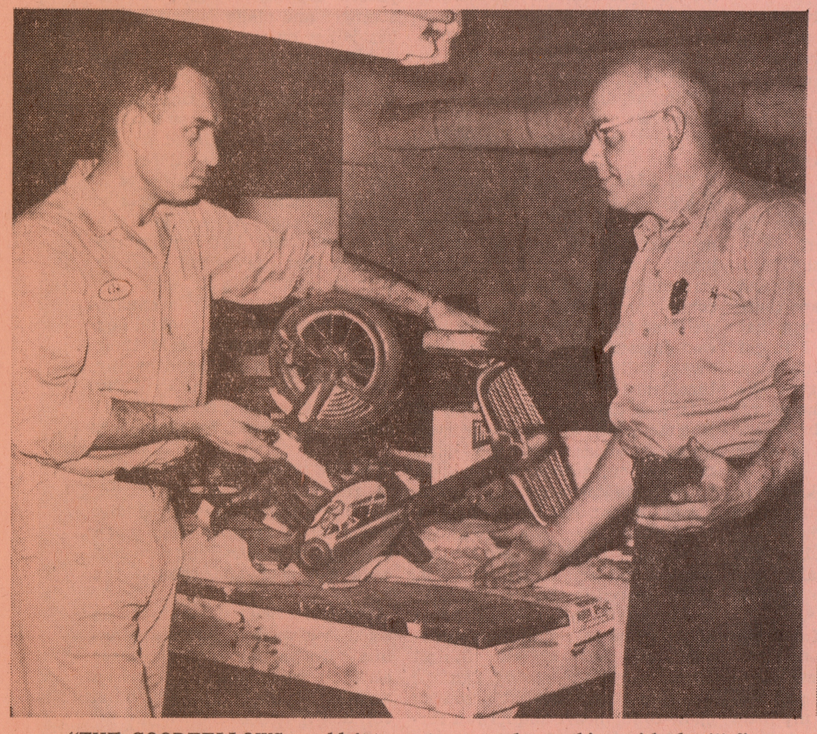
Dollar showers predicted throughout local area during Goodfellow sale

THE YPSILANTI PRESS

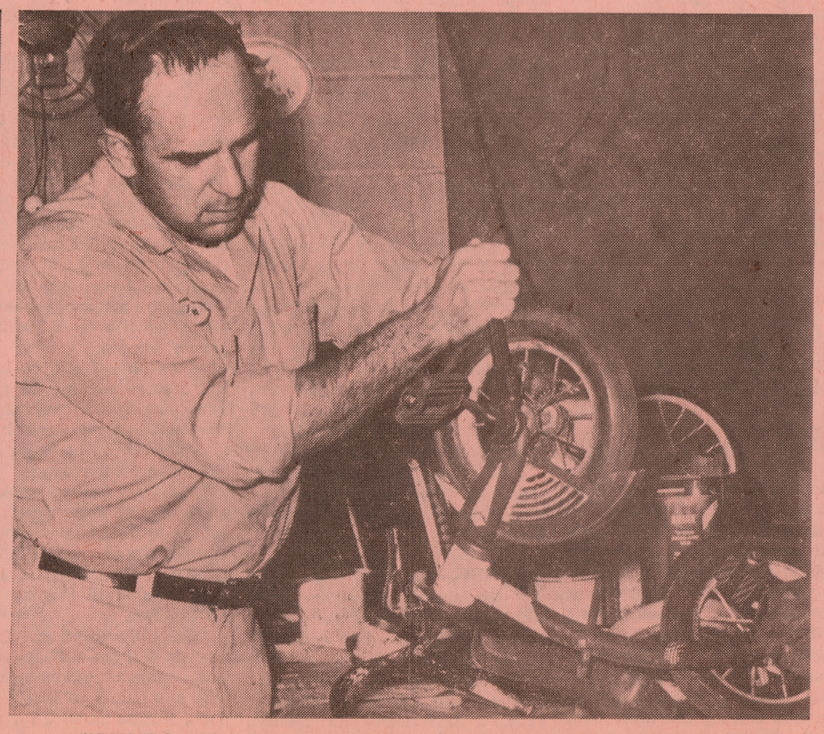
GOODFELLOWS THIRTY-SECOND EDITION, 1964

-Let us begin—'

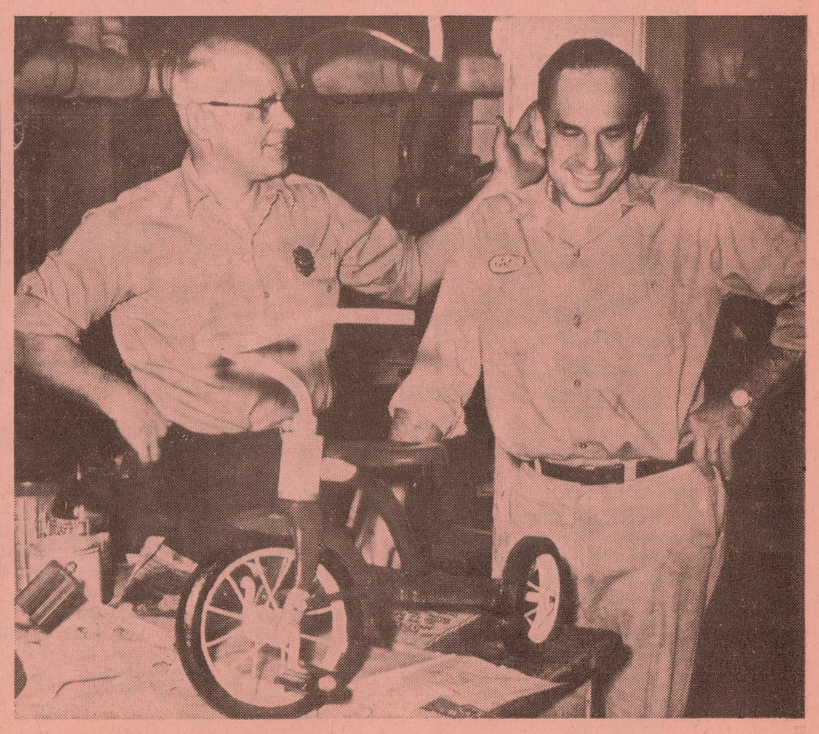
". . . ask not what your country can do for your; ask what you can do for your country."
— John F. Kennedy



"THE GOODFELLOWS wouldn't expect you to do anything with that!" firefighter Donald R. Green, right, tells Arthur Kramer, Jr., as the latter decides to try to create a tricycle out of a heap of parts in Santa's workshop in the basement of the city fire station.



"CAN'T THROW IT AWAY!" Kramer thinks as he matches up wheels, axles, and sprockets. "All you have to do is to get the same size wheels, put the pedals where the kid can reach them, skin a few knuckles on lugs and bolts and fix it so it'll go backward and forward."



"WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW. You DID make a tricycle out of it and look at those handlebars!" says Green as he pats Kramer on the back. This was but one triumph for the city firemen who are giving almost all their spare time to repairing toys for Goodfellow distribution.

—Press Photos by Wayne Behling

Goodfellows again hit streets for children

By EILEEN M. HARRISON
Of The Press Staff

Goodfellows are at main business corners and factories of the area today, raising funds so that "There Will be No Child Without a Christmas."

The sale in the big automobile plants and other factories was organized by Lawrence R. Husse of the International Citizenship Department staff of the UAW.

The street sales are directed by Robert H. Schmidt, treasurer of the Goodfellows and circulation manager of The Press.

These two have recruited between 50 and 60 former newsboys to help raise holiday funds through sale of the special Goodfellow edition of The Ypsilanti Press.

Every year the men respond, regardless of individual commitments or business demands, and sell the papers in all kinds of weather. Many have their favorite corners and there is friendly rivalry in turning in the largest amounts.

There is no set price for the paper. And there is no change. What's dropped in the box, mite or bill, are all acceptable.

The Ypsilanti G o o df ellows were formed almost overnight in 1932 when it became apparent that many good little boys and girls here would have no Christmas because the depression was so severe. The effort raised only a few hundred dollars but they filled the gap.

Ypsilanti narrowly missed being the actuality of Tom Mays' famous Christmas cartoon entitled "Forgotten." It showed a little girl in a bare room arising Christmas morning and finding her stocking empty.

The Old Newsboy movement was actually started in 1914 with another classic cartoon entitled "The Boy He Used to Be." It showed a well dressed man leading a thin, ragged newsboy. It was the work of Burt Thomas and appeared in the Detroit News. It inspired James J. Brady Detroit, Collector of Internal Revenue, to suggest that funds from one day's newspaper sale be used to provide food and gifts for the poor on Christmas day.

In Ypsilanti the impulsive response to dire need in 1932 led to formal organization of the Goodfellows in 1935 under Mayor Ray H. Burrell. In 1940 the name, "The Ypsilanti Goodfellows Association" was adopted. Purpose of the organization was defined as "the promotion of any charitable enterprise upon which the association shall determine, to be financed by the sale of issues of The Ypsilanti Press each year and such other promotions as the association may decide."

Their motto, from the first, has been "No Child Without a Christmas."

READY FOR a trip to the altar is this exquisitely attired Goodfellow doll being shown by June Roberts, president of the Ypsilanti Ford Girls Club. Girls from both the city and The Rawsonville Ford plants annually dress the dolls in beautifull garments and often with complete wardrobes. The doll in the picture is typical of the work done by these groups. This year 168 dolls have been attired by organizations and individuals for giving to as many little girls. —Press Photo

Despair sparked dress project

Program aims at clothes for all needy children

Just as the Goodfellow organization in Ypsilanti was depression born, so was the Christmas dress project.

When the Women of the Moose gathered garments for children this year, they were following in the footsteps of Mrs. E. P. Rorison who started it all.

Mrs. Rorison was tiny and white haired but full of energy and her dark eyes sparkled when Ypsilanti women supported her plan during the depression to provide at least one new garment for every ill fortuned boy and girl in Ypsilanti.

That was when the city was struggling with ever mounting welfare cases and parents receiving welfare aid had no money left for Christmas.

When the plan was first started most of the donations were homemade garments and included not only dresses but clothes for little boys, too.

After the first year the project was put on a production basis with WPA help. Needy persons thus benefitted twice. The women who sewed were paid a small amount and the children received the garments as gifts in Goodfellow baskets. Miss A. Zella Beardsley, a school teacher, directed the cutting of the cloth and the sewing of the garments.

Material for the dresses was obtained from organization, including the Knights of Pythian Sisters, Past Chiefs of Pythian Sisters, Pittsfield Ladies Aid, Women's Relief Corps, Crescent Aid Society, Rebekah Lodge, Degree of Honor, King's Daughters and Needlework Guild. Their donations were supplemented by the newly organized Goodfellows.

In addition, residents were encouraged to augment the supply with their own sewing efforts.

As times improved "store bought" dresses began to appear and the Shirley Temple period brought beautiful styles in little girls dresses.

Another colorful participant in the dress project was the late Mrs. Wanda Walker, the only woman member of the Goodfellows who took her turn selling papers with the other former newspaper carriers.

For several years she personally donated 20 or 30 dresses many of which were for "dress up" occasions and were made of rich materials including velvet, silks and laces.

Garments still come from individuals and from organizations and the Women of the Moose have stepped into the tiny shoes of Mrs. Rorison in seeing that underprivileged children have new garments for the finest holiday of the year. They annually, not only gather garments from their own membership, but provide a central headquarters for the dresses. There the members gift wrap the garments and mark them with the proper sizes.

Checking protects giving effort

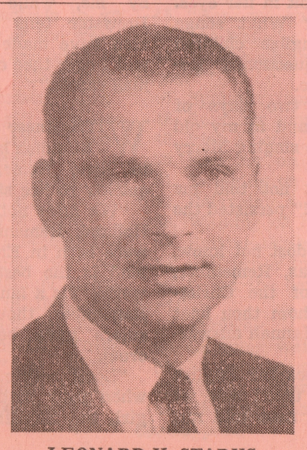
The Goodfellows have used the listings from the Ypsilanti Christmas Bureau, so that there will be no duplication of efforts in Christmas giving.

Lists of needy persons obtained from various sources are carefully checked by the bureau, which also received calls from individuals who knew of someone or some family in need.

Each of the participating groups could thus know that none of the funds would be wasted through duplicated efforts and that every opportunity would be given for listing not only families known to the usual social agencies, but those known only to a neighbor, teacher, pastor, doctor or friend.

Other participating agencies are the Salvation Army, Family Service of Ypsilanti, Visiting Nurse Agency, the Catholic Social Services, the Bureau of Social Aid, Washtenaw County Welfare Department and the Ypsilanti and Willow Run Public Schools.

EMIL H. PARRE
President



LEONARD K. STARKS
Vice President

C. EUGENE BEATTY
Secretary

ROBERT H. SCHMIDT
Treasurer

THESE ARE the men who next year will be directing activities of the Goodfellows. Their task is year round and involves plans for money raising events such as the talent show held this fall and the advance purchase of dolls and other materials preliminary to the annual holiday distribution. Next year, just before Christmas, they will be involved in directing the annual newspaper sale.

Two knots unite

Goodfellow bond loose but strong

There is no more loosely organized nor more tightly bound group in Ypsilanti than the Goodfellows who come together once a year for a massive effort and then fade away.

The cord that holds them has two knots, each has been a newsboy and each is public spirited.

The training from their youth is called upon each year for swift organization and quick dispatch since assembling and delivering Christmas gifts can be a complicated process.

There is no need to worry ahead whether there will be boxes to fill. Daniel T. Quirk of Peninsular Paper Co. has given them every year, and it's expected they will be at the Central Elementary school again this time when J. Walter Daschner, Jesse Rutherford and C. Eugene Beatty report for the packing detail Dec. 18. They won't worry about helpers either. They show up every year when the call goes out.

All the dresses that women of this area have made or purchased will be there, neatly wrapped and labeled for size by the Women of the Moose.

Beautifully dressed dolls will be on hand, too, and a truckload or so of toys repaired by Ypsilanti firemen will be set. Even layettes for Santas youngest charges will be ready.

Then the boxes will be numbered and, from lists provided by the Christmas Bureau, the filling will start. The lists tell the size of the family, age and sex of children and other facts.

The box filler thus knows where to put the shoe orders, the grocery orders, the toy fire engine, the doll, the dress, the trousers. Candy is distributed, too, and vegetables and other articles received from other groups also go into the boxes.

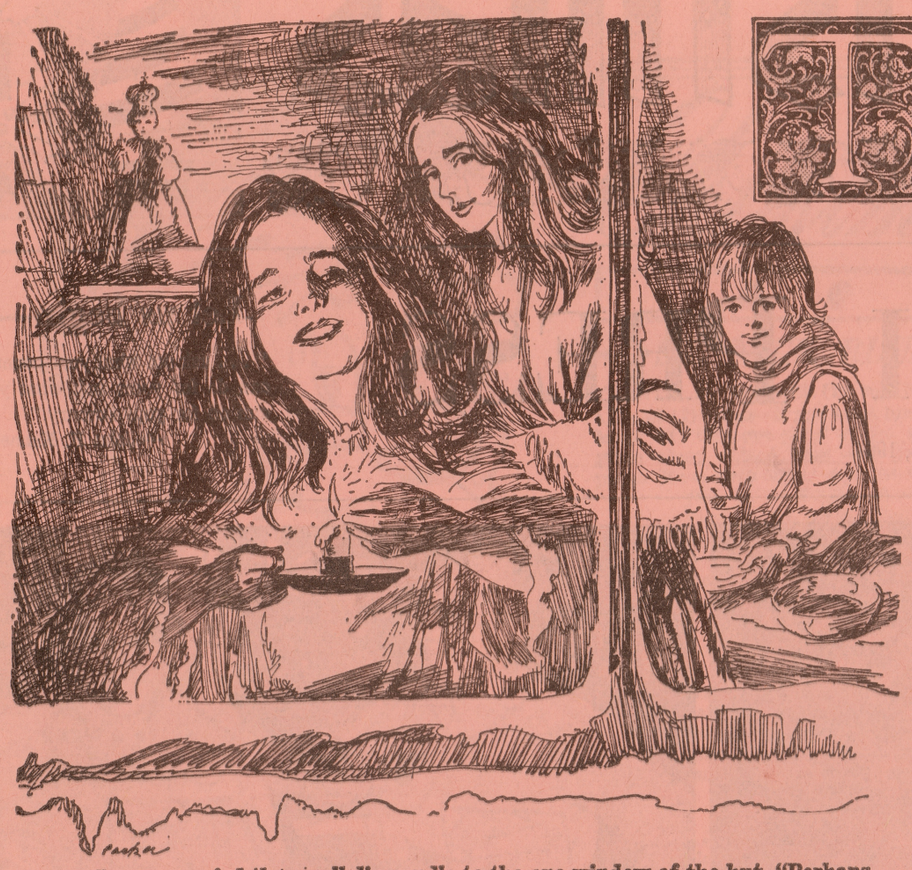
Soon all are packed and ready for delivery. This detail will be started this year on the 22nd under the direction of Gwen C. Morhous and James L. Hart. Even though this comes at the climax of the Christmas business, Ypsilanti merchants provide some of the delivery trucks. Local contractors also send theirs and the city of Ypsilanti provides some, too.

The numbering of the boxes has been done with the delivery routes in mind and the operation is soon completed, much in the same way as covering a newspaper route.

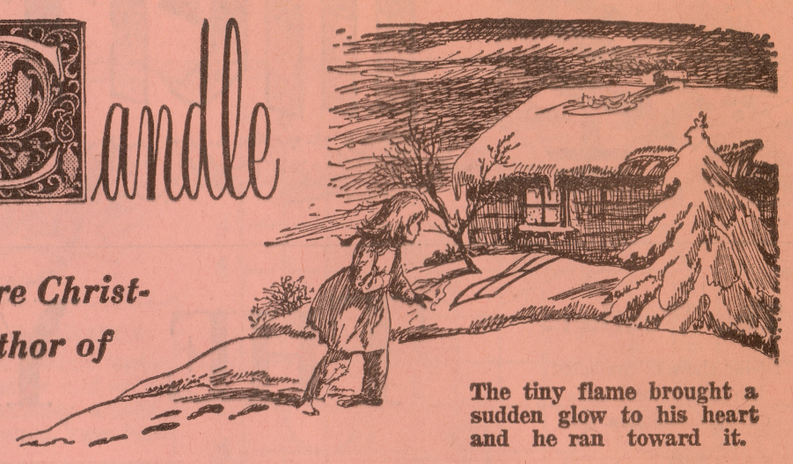
Santa has own 'route'

Santa, in the persons of Ypsilanti Goodfellows, will make his deliveries on an area wide basis again this year.

Needy individuals and families will be remembered in the area bounded on the east by the Wayne-Washtenaw county line, on the south by the Washtenaw-Monroe county line, on the west by Carpenter Rd. and on the north by Ford Rd.



The Noel Candle



Poet of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas" was also little known author of a memorable Christmas story

The tiny flame brought a sudden glow to his heart and he ran toward it.

Jeanne carried the small dip candle to the one window of the hut. "Perhaps someone who passes will be happier for my little gift of light," she said.

By CLEMENT CLARKE MOORE

IT WAS Christmas eve in Rheims, nearly five hundred years ago. The great cathedral towered high above the city, its spires seemed to reach to the very skies, and the square in front of the church was thronged with people, celebrating the joyous Noel, the Christmas time. Children darted here and there through the crowd, shrieking with laughter. On one corner a group of well-dressed youths and maidens were dancing to the music of a lute and tambourine; on another a number of boys sang old carols. Others strolled about in groups of two and three, chatting and laughing, while the older and more serious went their way, candle in hand, toward the cathedral, where masses were being chanted in Latin. Though these church-goers were more quiet, it was evident that they were happy, for their faces shone with contentment. It did not seem that there could be, in all the city of Rheims, one sad or lonely heart.

Yet there were four. Three of them dwelt in a squalid hovel by the riverside, a tiny shed or lean-to which stood beside a stable. Though its outward appearance was so dismal, once within the door, one might have been surprised to see how neat and trim it was kept. There was but one room which served at once as living-room, dining-room, bedroom and kitchen for three people. The rough stone floor was carefully swept and polished. In one corner lay a straw-filled mattress, but the covers drawn over it, though patched and darned in a dozen places, were spotlessly clean. A rude table, a broken chair, a stool and a clumsy bench completed the furniture of the room. In a far corner stood a small charcoal brazier, whose feeble fire served not only to cook the meals, but to warm the dwellers in the hut. Some cracked earthen kettles hung beside it.

THE ONE touch of brightness and beauty in the little room was supplied by a tiny shrine, built on a shelf at the rear wall. A few field flowers in a bowl stood before it, and from the edge of the shelf hung a silken sash which once had held a knight's shield. It was of scarlet, heavily embroidered in gold, and bore a device of a lion, surmounted by the lily of France.

Three people were in the room. A young woman was bending over a small spinning wheel, a boy of seven was setting the table with their few cracked dishes, and a girl a year or so older was leaning over a kettle on the brazier, stirring its contents from time to time. The lady, whose beauty seemed to shine in the poor room, despite her shabby clothing, was Madame la Comtesse Marie de Malincourt, and the boy and girl, her son and daughter, Louis and Jeanne.

As she worked, the lady was thinking sadly of that Christmas eve only a year before, when all had been so different. Then she had lived in a great castle, and on the eve of Noel, as she had done for a half dozen years before, she and her husband and the children had gone down to the castle gate to greet the crowd that had assembled. The old, the ailing, and the poor had gathered there, and that meant nearly all the village. Out among the crowd they had gone, followed by a dozen servants, laden down like beasts of burden and to each villager the lady had made gifts of warm clothing, of healing herbs, and of wholesome food. Even Louis and Jeanne, young as they were, had given from their store of toys and baubles to the children of the village.

Then the tide of war had swept over their happy valley; the castle had been attacked, defended, and lost, then sacked and pillaged by the victors. Lady Marie had even seen them lead her husband away a prisoner. She had fled with her children, down a secret passage out into the night and away to the village. She found it deserted, the villagers driven out before the sword.

DURING the months that had ensued the three had been wanderers along the highway. Bit by bit Lady Marie had given her jewels and trinkets, then those of the children, in exchange for food and lodging. Even her velvet robe, with its soft fur mantle, had gone to the wife of a rich burgher, and the pretty clothing of Louis and Jeanne had long since been replaced with coarse peasant garb. One thing alone remained of all their riches—the cover of her husband's shield, which little Louis had brought from the castle that dreadful night. "Father gave it to me to keep until he came back," he said, and through all the terrors of flight he had clung to it. It was very dear to them all. It seemed a bit of their old life, and a constant reminder of the dear lost father.

"Mother," said Jeanne suddenly, interrupting the current of her mother's sad thoughts, "it is Noel tonight."

"Yes, my child," Lady Marie answered with a sigh, "but there will be no toys, or sweets, or pretty things for thee or little Louis this Noel."

"We want them not," the children answered, almost in unison. "We have thee, dear mother, and we can keep the Noel in our hearts," added Jeanne.

Her mother looked up from the wheel and smiled at her. "Yes, though life is hard," she said, "still, we have each other, and though we are sad, perhaps there are other hearts in Rheims that grieve tonight. I wish I might give, as once I did, to the poor, but I have nothing to give. We have ourselves become the poor." She resumed her work, but there was silence in the room save for the whir of the wheel.

"Mother," Jeanne spoke again excitedly, "I know something we can give." As she talked she caught up the small tallow dip candle from the table and hurried with it to the one window of the hut.

"See," she went on, "I will put it here—on the sill—so—and perhaps someone who passes, someone like ourselves lonely and forlorn, will be happier for my little gift of light. There—see how it shines out on the snow," and she stood back to survey her work.

"You are a good child, Jeanne," said Lady Marie, sighing.

DOWN in the great square, among all the lights and gayety, was another sad heart. It beat in the breast of a little lad of nine, a boy whose clothes were shabby and ragged, whose bare feet were thrust into clumsy wooden sabots, and with no covering on his head but his own fair hair. He was utterly alone, without money, without friends, cold, hungry, miserable. When it seemed he could bear this burden alone no longer he tried to tell his story to some of the smiling people he saw about him. Surely among so many he would find friends. But no one took any interest in him, other than to frown at him, or elbow him roughly out of the way, and one man shook him, and called him a beggar.

HE LEFT the square in utter discouragement, and began to tramp the streets, stopping now and then at splendid dwellings through whose windows streamed bright lights like a welcoming smile. But there was no welcome for the lonely child. Fat, well-dressed servants turned him away with angry words, and threatened him with their dogs.

It was dark in the streets of Rheims now, and the air was growing colder, but the child tramped on, trying desperately to find shelter before the night closed in. At last, far off down by the river, he saw a tiny gleam of light appear suddenly at a window and he hurried toward it. As he neared it, the boy saw that it was only a small tallow dip at the window of a hovel, the poorest and meanest hut in all Rheims, but the steady light of the tiny flame brought a sudden glow to his heart and he ran forward and knocked at the door.

It was opened in an instant by a little girl, and at once the other two in the room had risen to greet him. In another moment he found himself seated on a stool beside the charcoal brazier. The little girl was rubbing one of his cold hands in her two warm palms, while her brother was holding the other, and a beautiful woman, kneeling at his feet, drew off the wooden shoes, and chafed his icy feet. When he was thoroughly warmed, the little girl dished up into three bowls and a cracked cup the stew which had been simmering on the fire. There was only a little of it, a scant meal for themselves, but she passed the fullest bowl to the stranger and made room for him beside her on the bench.

After a word of blessing, they ate their stew, and never had the thin soup tasted so rich or so satisfying to the countess and her children. As they finished, a sudden glowing light filled the room, greater than the brightness of a thousand candles. There was a sound of angel voices, and the stranger child had grown so radiant that they could scarcely bear to look at him.

"Thou, with thy little candle, has lighted the Christ-child on his way to Heaven," said their unknown guest, his hand on the door latch. "This night shall thy dearest wish be granted thee," and in an instant he was gone.

THE countess and her children fell on their knees and prayed, and there they still were, almost a quarter of an hour later, when a knight in armor gently pushed open the door and entered the hut.

"Marie! Jeanne! Louis!" he cried in a voice of love and longing. "Do ye not know me after all these weary months of prison and battle, and then of search for thee?"

Immediately his family were clustered about him, and their kisses and embraces were his answer.

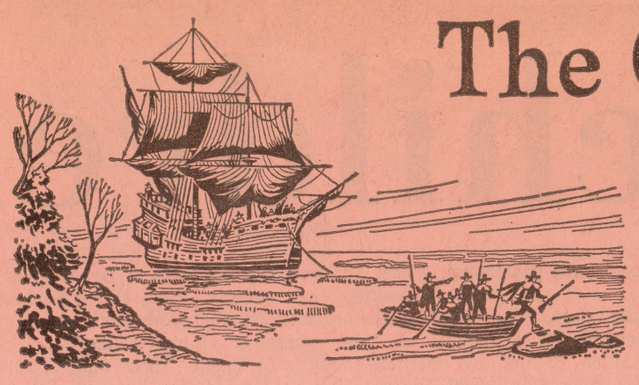
"But, father, how did you find us here?" cried little Louis at last, when the first raptures of welcome were over.

"A ragged lad I met on the highway told me ye dwelt here," answered the knight.

"The Christ-child," said Lady Marie reverently, and told him the story.

And so, forever after, they and all their descendants, have burned a candle in the window on the eve of Noel, to light the lonely Christ-child on his way.

The Christmas That Went With Them



An old story recalls how adventurers overseas had spirits buoyed by Yuletide traditions

By G. G. Stone and M. G. Fickett

IT WAS a warm and pleasant Saturday—that twenty-third of December, 1620. The winter wind had blown itself away in the storm of the day before, and the air was clear and balmy.

The people on board the *Mayflower* were glad of the pleasant day. It was three long months since they had started from Plymouth, in England, to seek a home across the ocean. Now they had come into a harbour that they named New Plymouth, in the country of New England.

Other people called these voyagers Pilgrims, which means wanderers. A long while before, the Pilgrims had lived in England; later they made their home with the Dutch in Holland; finally they had said good-bye to their friends in Holland and in England, and had sailed away to America.

There were only one hundred and two of the Pilgrims on the *Mayflower*, but they were brave and strong and full of hope. Now the *Mayflower* was the only home they had; yet if this weather lasted they might soon have warm log-cabins to live in. This very afternoon the men had gone ashore to cut down large trees.

THE women of the *Mayflower* were busy, too. Some were spinning, some knitting, some sewing. It was so bright and pleasant that Mistress Rose Standish had taken out her knitting and had gone to sit a little while on deck. She was too weak to face rough weather, and she wanted to enjoy the warm sunshine and the clear salt air. By her side was Mistress Brewster, the minister's wife. Everybody loved Mistress Standish and Mistress Brewster for neither of them ever spoke unkindly.

The air on deck would have been warm even on a colder day, for in one corner a bright fire was burning. It would seem strange now, would it not, to see a fire on the deck of a vessel? But in those days, when the weather was pleasant, people on shipboard did their cooking on deck.

The Pilgrims had no stoves, and Mistress Carver's maid had built this fire on a large hearth covered with sand. She had hung a great kettle on the crane over the fire, where the onion soup for supper was simmering slowly.

NEAR the fire sat a little girl, busily playing and singing to herself. Little Remember Allerton was only six years old, but she liked to be with Hannah, Mistress Carver's maid. This afternoon Remember had been watching Hannah build the fire and make the soup. Now the little girl was playing with the Indian arrowheads her father had brought her the night before. She was singing the words of the old psalm:

"Shout to Jehovah, all the earth,
Serve ye Jehovah with gladness; before him bow with singing mirth."

"Ah, child, methinks the children of Old England are singing different words from those today," spoke Hannah at length, with a faraway look in her eyes.

"Why, Hannah? What songs are the little English children singing now?" questioned Remember in surprise.

"It lacks but two days of Christmas, child, and in my old home everybody is singing Merry Christmas songs."

"But thou hast not told me what is Christmas!" persisted the child.

"Ah, me! Thou dost not know, 'tis true. Christmas, Remember, is the birthday of the Christ-child, of Jesus, whom thou hast learned to love," Hannah answered softly.

"But what makes the English children so happy then? And we are English, thou hast told me, Hannah. Why don't we keep Christmas, too?"

"In sooth we are English, child. But the reason why we do not sing the Christmas carols or play the Christmas games makes a long, long story, Remember. Hannah cannot tell it so that little children will understand. Thou must ask some other, child."

Hannah and the little girl were just then near the two women on the deck, and Remember said:

"Mistress Brewster, Hannah sayeth she knoweth not how to tell why Love and Wrestling and Constance and the others do not sing the Christmas songs or play the Christmas games. But thou wilt tell me, wilt thou not?"

A sad look came into Mistress Brewster's eyes, and Mistress Standish looked grave, too. No one spoke for a few seconds, until Hannah said almost sharply: "Why could we not burn a Yule log Monday, and make some little cakes for the children?"

"Nay, Hannah," answered the gentle voice of Mistress Brewster. "Such are but vain shows and not for those of us who believe in holier things. But," she added, with a kind glance at little Remember, "wouldst thou like to know why we have left Old England and do not keep the Christmas Day? Thou canst not understand it all, child, and yet it may do thee no harm to hear the story. It may help thee to be a brave and happy little girl in the midst of our hard life."

"Surely it can do no harm, Mistress Brewster," spoke Rose Standish gently. "Remember ought, methinks, to know something of the reason for our wandering. Come here, child, and sit by me, while good Mistress Brewster tells thee how cruel men have made us suffer. Then will I sing thee one of the Christmas carols."

WITH these words Mistress Standish held out her hands to little Remember, who ran quickly to her side.

"We have not always lived in Holland, Remember. Most of us were born in England, and England is the best country in the world. 'Tis a land to be proud of, Remember, though some of its rulers have been wicked and cruel.

"Long before you were born, when your mother was a little girl, the English king said that everybody in the land ought to think as he thought, and go to a church like his. He said he would send us away from England if we did not do as he ordered. Now, we could not think as he did on holy matters, and it seemed wrong to us to obey him. So we decided to go to a country where we might worship as we pleased."

"What became of that cruel king, Mistress Brewster?"

"He ruleth England now. But thou must not think too hardly of him. He doth not understand, perhaps. Right will win some day, Remember, though there may be bloody war before peace cometh. And I thank God that we, at least, shall not be called on to live in the midst of the strife," she went on, speaking more to herself than to the little girl.

"We decided to go to Holland, out of the reach of the king. We were not sure whether it was best to move or not, but our hearts were set on God's ways. We trusted Him in whom we believed. Yes," she went on, "and shall we not keep on trusting Him?"

AND Rose Standish, remembering the little stock of food that was nearly gone, the disease that had come upon many of their number, and the five who had died that month, answered firmly: "Yes. He who has led us thus far will not leave us now."

They were all silent a few seconds. Presently Remember said: "Then did ye go to Holland, Mistress Brewster?"

"Yes," she said. "Our people all went over to Holland, where the Dutch folk live and the little Dutch children clatter about with their wooden shoes. There thou wast born, Remember, and my own children, and there we lived in love and peace.

"And yet, we were not wholly happy. We could not talk well with the Dutch, and we could not set right what was wrong among them. 'Twas so hard to earn money that many had to go back to England. And, worst of all, Remember, we were afraid that you and little Bartholomew and Mary and Love and Wrestling and all the rest would not grow to be good girls and boys. And so we have come to this new country to teach our children to be pure and noble."

After another silence Remember spoke again: "I thank thee, Mistress Brewster. And I will try to be a good girl. But thou didst not tell me about Christmas after all."

"Nay, child, but now I will. There are long services on that day in every church where the king's friends go. But there are parts of these services which we cannot approve; and so we think it best not to follow the other customs that the king's friends observe on Christmas.

"They trim their houses with mistletoe and holly so that everything looks gay and cheerful. Their other name for the Christmas time is the Yuletide, and the big log that is burned then is called the Yule log. The children like to sit around the hearth in front of the great, blazing Yule log, and listen to stories of long, long ago.

"At Christmas there are great feasts in England, too. No one is allowed to go hungry, for the rich people on the day always send meat and cakes to the poor.

"But we like to make all our days Christmas Days, Remember. We try never to forget God's gifts to us, and they remind us always to be good to others."

"And the Christmas carols, Mistress Standish? What are they?"

"On Christmas Eve and early on Christmas morning," Rose Standish answered, "little children go about from house to house, singing Christmas songs. 'Tis what I like best in all the Christmas cheer. And I promised to sing thee one, did I not?"

THEN Mistress Standish sang in her clear, sweet voice the quaint old English words:

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing:
"This night shall be the birthtime
Of Christ, the heavenly King.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall.
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair white linen

That usen babies all.
"He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden manger
That resteth in the mould."

As Joseph was a-walking
There did an angel sing,
And Mary's child at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

Before the song was over, Hannah had come on deck again, and was listening eagerly. "I thank thee, Mistress Standish," she said, the tears filling her blue eyes. "'Tis long, indeed, since I have heard that song."

"Would it be wrong for me to learn to sing those words, Mistress Standish?" gently questioned the little girl.

"Nay, Remember, I trow not. The song shall be thy Christmas gift."

Then Mistress Standish taught the little girl one verse after another of the sweet old carol.

THE NEXT day was dull and cold, and on Monday, the twenty-fifth, the sky was still overcast. There was no bright Yule log in the *Mayflower*, and no holly trimmed the little cabin.

The Pilgrims were true to the faith they loved. They held no special service. They made no gifts. Instead, they went again to the work of cutting the trees, and no one murmured at his hard lot.

"We went on shore," one man wrote in his diary, "some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry; so no man rested all that day."

As for little Remember, she spent the day aboard the *Mayflower*. She heard no one speak of England or sigh for the English home across the sea. But she did not forget Mistress Brewster's story; and more than once that day, as she was playing by herself, she fancied that she was in front of some English home, helping the English children sing their Christmas songs.

And both Mistress Allerton and Mistress Standish, whom God was soon to call away from their earthly home, felt happier and stronger as they heard the little girl singing:

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall."

Mistress Standish taught the little girl one verse after another of the sweet old carol.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate

What Joys There Were!

A world classic painting documents your toys and games are ages old

By Juliet Shelby

SCARCELY a game or plaything children will enjoy in the world this Christmas is not an adaptation of a pastime or toy that delighted lads and lasses centuries ago.

For example, the "spaceman helmet" resembles closely the helmets sold in ancient Rome for boys playing gladiator or chariot-mounted soldier. Toy airplanes and missiles had their forerunners in the Grecian carved birds that could be whirled in flight, wings in motion, on a string. Hero of Alexandria, in Egypt, two centuries before the Christian Era, automated toy birds with steam.

Great documentation of how old are most diversions today was given by the Flemish artist Pieter Breughel the Elder in one of the world's masterpieces, "Children's Games," now owned by the Kunsthistorisches Museum at Vienna. As you can see here, Breughel pictured, with a Flanders town square as his setting, the diversions popular with European youngsters in the 16th century. That was the era when Europeans first went overseas as settlers. Without a doubt the games and toys pictured by Breughel went with them, and were indulged in at Christmas and festive occasions in the colonies.

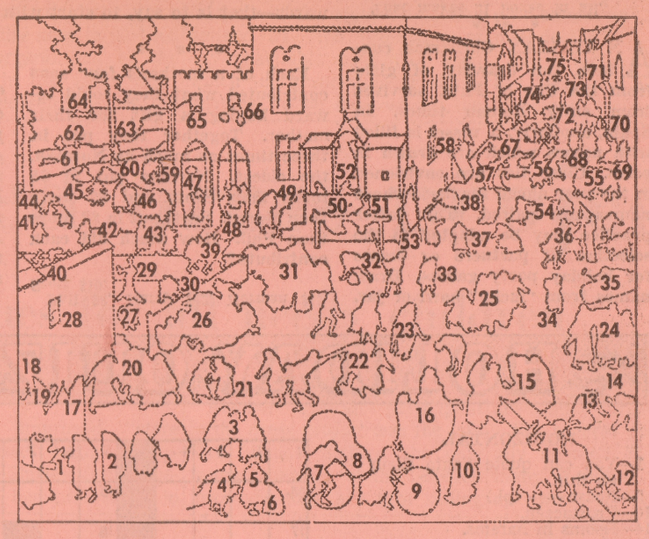
A century later another artist could have painted a larger number of recreations in European town squares, for travelers had introduced appealing games and playthings they found among natives in the East and West.

That all or most of the diversions Breughel showed to be popular in 1560 were centuries old even then is in evidence in paintings, sculptures, ceramics, tiles, surviving from ancient Greece, Rome, Egypt, India, China, Japan, Mayan and Aztec America. Hopscotch, tug-of-war, hide-and-seek, blindman's buff, slingshots, marbles, ball games, hobby horses, jumping-jacks, kites, tops, and, of course, dolls, were unquestionably known to children two thousand years ago.

Our readers will doubtless enjoy discovering in the 400-year-old Breughel masterwork, with the aid of the numbered key drawing here, many pastimes they themselves have enjoyed.

Explanation of the Children's Games:

1. Stone play-animal "hitched" to the gate.
2. Mock-baptismal procession.
3. Hand-seat.
4. Hobby-horse.
5. Drum and whistle.
6. Poking stick in mud.
7. Rolling hoop.
8. Evoking echo from barrel.
9. Hoop with bells.
10. Blowing up bladder.
11. "How many horns has the goat got?"
12. Playing shopkeeper.
13. Throwing knife (from ear) into target ring.
14. Building.
15. "Weighing butter."
16. Riding on barrel.
17. Playing with bird.
18. Blowing soap bubbles.
19. Cap woven of rushes.
20. Blindman's buff.
21. Odds-or-evens.
22. Tug-of-war.
23. Leap-frog.
24. "Pull his hair."
25. Lift-up.
26. Running gauntlet.
27. Turning cartwheels.



28. Pop-gun.
29. Standing on one's head.
30. Turning somersaults.
31. Mock-wedding procession.
32. Pot-drumming.
33. Stilt walking.
34. Running with cake.
35. Killing flies.
36. "Fish in master's pond.'
37. Bowling.
38. Throwing bones (dice).
39. Riding fence.
40. Climbing fence.
41. Digging ditch.
42. Tournament with windmill.
43. Rattle.
44. "I bags that place."
45. "Here we go round the mulberry bush."
46. "Guess whom I shall choose?"
47. Spinning tops.
48. Spinning tops.
49. Pick-a-back.
50. Hanging on fence.
51. Swinging on fence.
52. Balancing a broom.
53. Walking on high stilts.
54. Batting-the-ball.
55. Skittles or marbles.
56. "Bind the devil with a cord."
57. Fighting.
58. Climbing walls.
59. Ninepins or marbles.
60. Milling around.
61. Floating with inflated bladder support.
62. Bathing.
63. Climbing trees.
64. Taking off shirt to swim.
65. Fluttering a ribbon in the wind.
66. St. Nicholas' baskets, birch and shoes.
67. "Follow the leader."
68. Procession game.
69. Hitting wall target.
70. Playing doorkeeper.
71. Courting.
72. Hares-and-hounds.
73. Riding on shoulders.
74. The horse Bayard with the four Haimon children.
75. St. John's fire.

For this reproduction, it was necessary to eliminate a portion of the painting illustrating play with dolls, masks, swings, hucklebones, rattles, spinning tops, and whirligig.

The representation (see No. 66) of children playing with St. Nicholas baskets, birch rod and wooden shoes, recalls in old Netherlands and Flanders *Sinterklaas* traditionally carried a birch rod with which to chastise children who had been naughty, as well as a basket of gifts for those deemed good and worthy. The wooden shoes were for poor children who didn't have them to place by their fireplace to receive gifts. The use of stockings as gift repositories came later.

WHEN CHRISTMAS "OPEN HOUSE" WENT ON TWELVE DAYS

IN OLD TIMES such as are recalled in Pieter Breughel the Elder's classic paintings of Europeans enjoying themselves, the Christmas season began on December 16th (described in Prayerbooks as *O Sapientia)*, and ended January 6th, with Twelfth-night.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the era of great discovery and beginning of colonization, this whole season was given up to "jolly good fellowship," in which eating and drinking were predominant. Chroniclers in that time had much to say about the expansiveness of Christmas hospitality. Sir John Reresby in his memoirs recorded that one year at his country seat, Thyrberg, as many as fourscore gentlemen and yeomen, with their wives, dined daily at the hall throughout the festive season.

Christmas was a democratic festival; all classes mingled in the games and merriment, and hospitality was found everywhere. An English gentleman in the country, on Christmas-day, had tenants and neighbors in the hall after church at daybreak. The strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks (leather mugs) went plentifully round, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. That was only a beginning.

LATER, a boar's head, on a silver platter, adorned with bays and rosemary, was carried into the hall with much state, preceded by the Master of Revels, and followed by choristers and ministrels.

Another dish which added to the show of the feast, was the "stately pye," that is, a peacock or pheasant pie, with the head elevated above the crust, and the beautiful tail spread out to its full extent.

THE REQUISITES for good Christmas fare were deemed a blazing fire in the hall, boar brawn, beef, mutton, all with mustard (mustard was a provoker of a noble thirst), minced pies of pig, veal, goose, turkey; also cheese, apples, nuts, and, of course, quenchers of a noble thirst.

When the company tired of games and romping sports, it gathered about the ruddy fire, and had tales of legendary lore, adventures of knights and ladies and friars, of strange apparitions, and all sorts of ghostly reminiscences, which seemed as real as the dancing shadows which the light of the Yule-log cast upon the dusky timbers of the hall.

On Christmas-eve, at the time the Yule-log was brought in and lighted with the last year's brand, it was customary to decorate the windows of every house, in cottage and hall, with bay, laurel, ivy, and holly leaves.

The young people took good care that mistletoe was hung, and that it had plenty of berries, for the ceremony under it was not duly performed if a berry was not plucked off with each kiss, and consequently the supply of berries limited the kisses.

THE CAROLS which were sung all through the Christmas season were of two kinds, Scriptural and convivial; the first were sung morning and evening until the twelfth day, and the latter at the feasts.

IT WAS a very early practice for itinerant minstrels to go about to the houses of the wealthy in this season and sing to collect money for "Christmas-boxes." In time "Christmas-box" came to mean any gift to a dependent or poor person. In consequence of the multiplicity of festivities on Christmas-day, the giving of the Christmas-boxes was postponed to the 26th, St. Stephen's Day, which became the Boxing-day privileged for all sorts of beggars. Samuel Pepys noted in his diary in 1688 that he was called up from bed early by drums and trumpets. "These things and boxes," he added, "have cost me much money this Christmas, and will do more."

Distributed by King Features Syndicate

Draw a prize likeness of Santa (details below).

Christmas FUN Page

COMPILED AND EDITED BY HAL KAUFMAN

LET'S HAVE a party—on paper! Brainteasers, magic tricks, games, riddles, small talk—savor and enjoy them all. Come as you are. Partake generously. Christmas comes but once a year . . . when it comes, have fun!

←ST. NICK BLUSH?

SANTA, at left, will (1) roll his eyes, and (2) blush—if you treat him as follows: (1) Clip eye panel above. Slit diagram along dotted lines and insert eye panel. Move strip left or right to roll eyes.

(2) Color Santa's face green. That's right, green! Don't forget his ear. Now, fix eyes on diagram for a full minute, then transfer gaze to a nearby wall. Santa's image will be red.

* * *

Each of the Twist brothers has as many sisters as he has brothers, but each of the Twist sisters has twice as many brothers as she has sisters. How many brothers and sisters in the Twist family?

Four brothers and three sisters.

* * *

Just visualize a child's toy block. Let's say it has eight corners. Then how many edges does it have?

Answer in 60 seconds.

It has twelve edges.

* * *

AUNT FRAN'S age is the same as the difference between five times her age five years ago and five times her age five years years hence. How old is she?

She's fifty years old.

* * *

Familiar with Christmas carols? Let's see:

1. Name a carol that is about three kings.

2. Name a carol that is about one king, a Bohemian.

3. Name a carol that mentions a torch.

4. Name a carol that is mentioned in Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol."

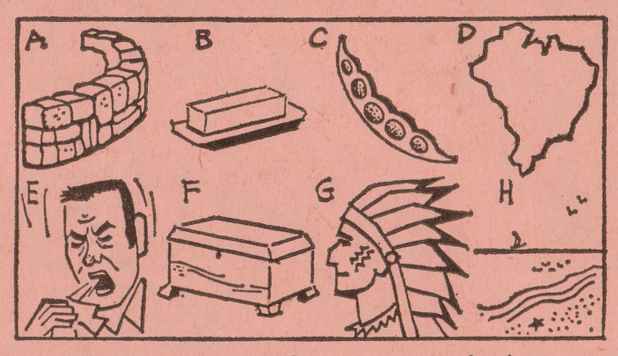
1. We Three Kings of Orient Are. 2. Good King Wenceslas. 3. Bring a Torch Jeanette, Isabella. 4. God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen.

* * *

Smith is carrying a shopping bag full of presents. Jones is carrying three shopping bags the size of Smith's. But Smith's load is heavier. Why?

Smith's bag is full; Jones' bags are empty.

SOME KIND OF A NUT PROBLEM



EACH of the eight pictorial representations above suggests some kind of a nut. For instance, illustration A shows a wall, suggesting a walnut. How quickly can you name the others?

A. Walnut. B. Butternut. C. Peanut. D. Brazilnut. E. Cashew nut. F. Chestnut. G. Indian nut H. Beechnut.

* * *

Looking for an unusual Christmas tree? Invert an old umbrella frame in a bucket of sand and decorate it with ornaments as you would a real tree. Speaking of trees, an electric appliance manufacturer suggests the following formula as a guide for attaching the latest in tiny, sparkling lights: Height of tree in feet times width of tree in feet times three. Thus:

Height	Number of lights
4	35
5	56
6	77
7	102
8	140

Too few lights give tree a spotty look.

* * *

Three boys, Al, Bill and Joe, each had a bag of marbles. Each boy gave each of the others one-fifth the number of marbles he had in his bag. When they counted their marbles at the end, Al had 740, Bill 580, and Joe 380. Can you tell how many each had in the beginning?

Al, 1,000; Bill, 600; Joe, 100.

* * *

SEE if you can find a common denominator shared by the following. (Apropos of Christmas, of course: No. 1—all reindeer.)

1. Comet, Cupid, Dasher, Rudolph.
2. Spruce, Balsam, Fir, Hemlock.
3. Balthazar, Melchior, Gaspar.
4. Joyeaux Noel, Buon Natale, Felices Pascuas.
5. Tiny Tim, Scrooge, Bob Cratchit, Jacob Marley.

1. All are fictional reindeer. 2. All are used for Christmas trees. 3. These are the Three Wise Men. 4. All mean "Merry Christmas." 5. All are characters in Dickens' "A Christmas Carol."

* * *

Christmas cards make an attractive Christmas tree. There's a tree-shaped card holder on the market on which to suspend them. Or, you may wish to tape them in triangular formation on a wall with cellophane tape.

* * *

Eskimo Pete's igloo is almost buried in snow and the temperature is 20 below. Pete's eyes move from the single match he has to a candle, oil lamp and fire ready to be lit. Which does he light first?

The match, natch.

* * *

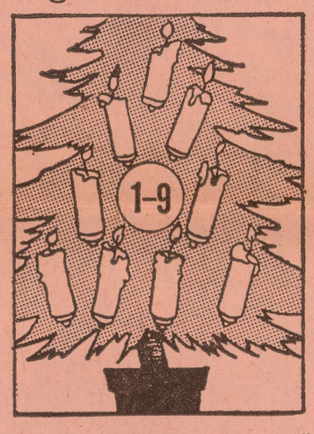
A man bought that puppy in the window for $30 more than one-fourth its price. How much did he pay for it?

He paid forty dollars.

* * *

Christmas mobiles are fascinating to make and fun to watch. Suspended over a lamp, they maintain constant motion. Materials: Aluminum foil, thin wood, plastics, cardboard, coat hangers, thread and wire. Tip: For good balance, start from bottom and work up.

Light the Tree?



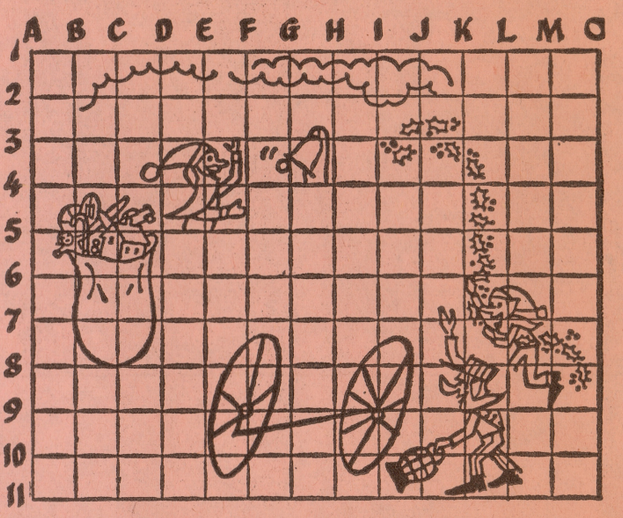
HOW quickly can you "light" the tree above by placing numbers 1 through nine in the candle-like bulbs so that each side totals 20? Bulbs in corners figure in two directions.

More than one answer is possible.

Top, clockwise, 5, 6, 1, 8, 3, 7, 2, 9, 4, 5 is one way.

* * *

Small Fry Race: Divide group into teams and provide each team with a large overcoat. At word "Go," front runners don coats, button them and race to a given point and back. Next person in line repeats, and so on, until one team wins.



ALL A-BO-A-A-RD for Screamsville! Santa's elves are prettying up the Screamsville Special. To view the old boiler, simply draw a continuous line as follows: Start at 9-D, draw to 6-D, 6-B, 9-B, 9-E, 8-E, 7-G, 9-G, 9-H, 8-H, 7-I, 7-J, 9-J, 9-M, 7-K, 6-K, 6-L, 7-M, 4-M, 5-L, 5-K, 3-K, 3-L, 2-K, 2-J, 3-I, 3-J, 5-J, 5-H, 4-H, 4-G, 5-G, 5-F, 3-F, 2-G, 3-C, 3-D, 6-D. Add 6-C to 9-C. Add 8-B to 8-D; also 3-D to 3-F; also 5-D to 5-F. Add 5-L to 6-L. Afterwards, add colors.

* * *

TRY THIS magic stunt: Produce a length of candle and a glass of water. Light the candle. Invite a guest to place the candle in the water so that it will float upright and not fall over and have its flame doused.

In all likelihood his try will fail.

Now, produce a second piece of candle (explaining that you must use another since the wick of the first is wet). Light this candle and place it in the glass of water. To onlookers' amazement it stands upright.

The secret is to prepare the second candle in advance. Hollow out a space in the bottom and insert a nail of sufficient weight to keep the candle on end.

* * *

The Jiminez family had a string of Christmas lights eleven feet long. To decorate two stretches of a room, Mr. Jiminez cut it into two pieces, one of which was five-sixths of the other. What was the length of each piece? Do this in your head and answer within one minute.

Five feet and six feet.

* * *

RIDDLE-ME-THIS: Black within, red without, four corners round about. What am I? Why, a chimney, of course. And speaking of chimneys, a bridge table turned upside down and fitted with brick-papered cardboard sides to resemble a chimney makes an eye-catching repository for family gifts.

* * *

Kids—to provide an inexpensive gift for Mom, decorate an ordinary flower pot with oil paints and then shellac it. To make something for Dad, remove one side from a soapflake box, paste colored pictures or adhesive wallpaper to entire surface. Coat with shellac. Result is an attractive desk box. To make something for brother or sister, or a friend—decorate a good-size tin can with paints or attractive pictures for use as a pencil caddy.

* * *

A long-playing phonograph record is 10 inches in diameter. Seven inches of this is composed of playing surface or needle channel. The average circumference is 20 inches. During the playing of a record which requires 250 revolutions, how far does the needle travel?

Approximately 3½ inches—one-half the playing surface from the outside toward the center.

Name His Game

HOW does a man of Santa's years keep in the pink of condition? Exercise, folks. Above you see the old gent engaged in nine different sports:

tennis	golf
basketball	pool
football	skiing
archery	bowling
weightlifting	

How quickly can you identify the sport represented by each pose? (Example: Top left: He's shooting pool.)

First column, top down—pool, golf; archery, weightlifting, tennis. Second column, down—skiing, bowling, basketball, football.

* * *

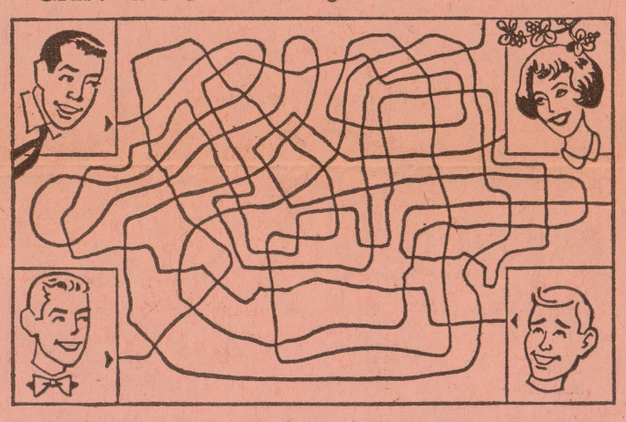
One thing leads to another in this exercise:

1. Take the number of reindeer in Santa's team.
2. Divide it into the number of keys on a piano.
3. Add the number of stars in the Big Dipper.
4. Add the number of doughnuts in a dozen.
5. Subtract the days of the week.
6. Add the humps on the Wise Men's camels.
7. Subtract the dozen doughnuts and six.

What have you got? Why, the reindeer in Santa's team.

Numbers are 8, 88, 7, 12, 7, 3, 18 and 8, the answer.

CAN YOU FIND JOSIE'S BEAU?



ONLY ONE of the three lads above—her beau—gets a kiss from Josie. Who's the lucky fellow? To find out, simply trace through maze of lines to reach Josie at upper right. No fair traveling backwards—that is to say, to start with Josie and trace lines in reverse.

* * *

Each of a mother's four sons contributed what they could toward buying a gift for their mother. Together they put in three times as much as Norman, the eldest. Norman put in $5 more than Scott and $3 more than Harry. Scott put in $2 more than Phil. How much did each contribute?

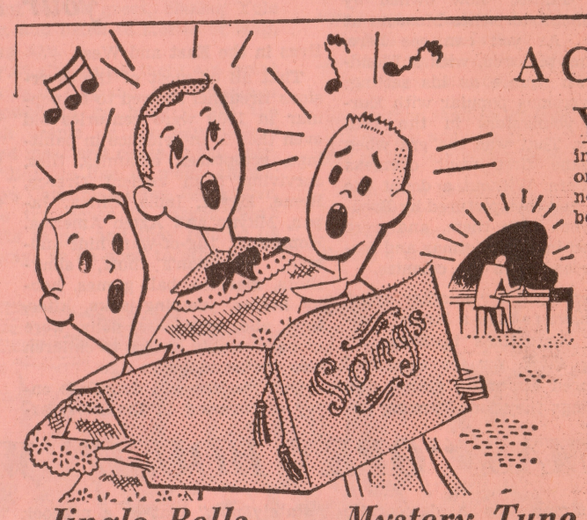
Phil $8, Harry $12, Norman $15, Scott $10.

* * *

It is not considered polite to "crash" a party, especially a Christmas party, but immortal fame was won by an uninvited guest who burst in upon a Yuletide celebration 188 years ago. It happened at Trenton, N. J. and marked the turning point of the American Revolution. It was the gift of what great leader to the young republic?

George Washington's.

A Christmas Musicale

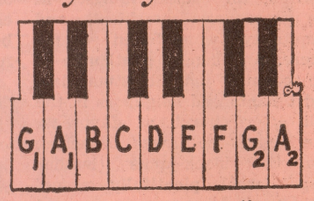


YOU may take more pleasure from this season of joyful song by learning to play these old favorites on a piano or accordion. Fold paper so as to have notes below. Play notes on the real keyboard before you as they appear here.

Jingle Bells

Jin gle bells! jin gle bells!
E E E E E E
Jin gle all the way!
E G2 C D E
Oh! What fun it is to ride in
F F F F E E E E
a one-horse open sleigh,
E E D D E D G2
Jin gle bells! jin gle bells!
E E E E E E
(Repeat as before.)
Oh! What fun it is to ride in
F F F F E E E E
a one-horse open sleigh.
E G2 G2 F D C

Mystery Tune

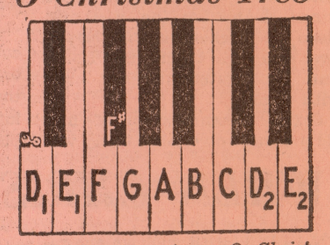


SEE if you can guess the anthem below as you play notes on the piano.

G — C — G — C — D — B — G
E — D — E — F — E — D
C — C — B — A — B — C — D
— E — C — B — A — G
G-2 — F — E — F — E
D — E — C — D — B — A — G
C — C — B — C — D — C — G
E — E — D — E — F — E — D

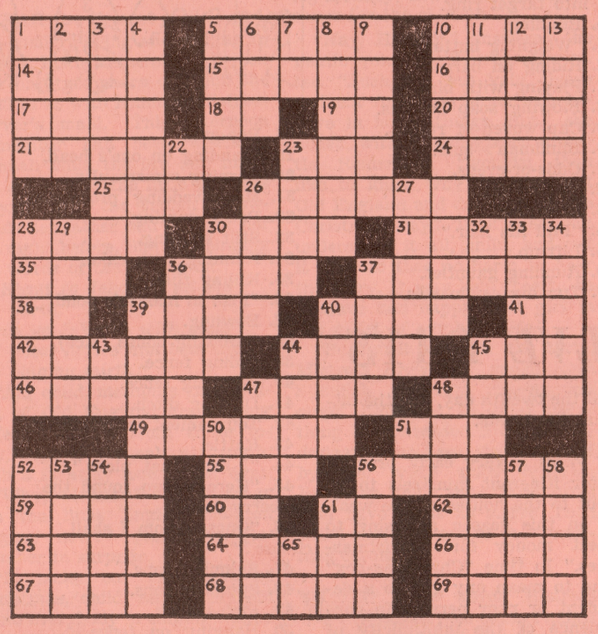
The anthem is Adeste Fidelis, sung in its best known adaptation from Latin as "O Come All Ye Faithful." Reverend Frederick Oakeley is accredited with making this adaptation.

O Christmas Tree



O Christ-mas tree, O Christ-
D-1 — G — G — G — A — B —
mas tree,
B — B
How love-ly are your
B — A — B — C — F† —
branch-es!
A — G
Repeat above.
In sum-mer sun or
D-2 — D-2 — B — E-2 — D-2
win-ter snow,
D-2 — C — C
A dress of green you al-
C — C — A — D-2 — C — C
ways show,
— B — B
O Christ-mas tree, O Christ-
D-1 — G — G — G — A — B —
mas tree,
B — B
How love-ly are your
B — A — B — C — F† —
branch-es!
A — G

HOLIDAY QUIZ-CROSSWORD

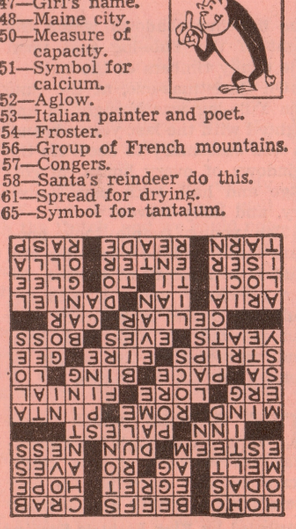


HORIZONTAL

1—You can quote Santa Claus on this.
5—Roast —— (pl.)
10—Crustacean.
14—Rooms in harems.
15—Heron.
16—What blessing to the world came from Pandora's box following troubles?
17—Candles do this.
18—Short for Agnes.
19—International language.
20—The birds.
21—Regard.
23—Press for payment.
24—Where a famous sea serpent spends Christmas: Loch ——.
25—No vacancy here for Mary and Joseph.
26—Whitest.
28—Intelligence.
30—What Italian city is the center of the Roman Catholic Empire?
31—Columbus's ships were the: Nina, —— and Santa Maria.
35—Unit of work.
36—Learning.
37—Pinnacle ornament.
38—Symbol for samarium.
39—Step in walking.
40—Kind of cherry.
41—Behold.
42—Button candy comes in this.
44—"Feeding the Wren" is a Christmas custom here.
45—To the right.
46—Irish poet.
47—Nights before holidays.
48—Dominate (colloq.)
49—Basement.
51—Vehicle.
52—Operatic solo.
55—— Fleming.
56—What Biblical character was protected from the lions while in their den?
59—Localities.
60—Note in the scale.
61—Toward.
62—This is apparent on Christmas morn.
63—River in Bohemia.
64—Go in.
66—Wide-mouthed pottery jar.
67—Mountain lake.
68—Author of "The Cloister and the Hearth."
69—Grate.

VERTICAL

1—"I'll Be —— for Christmas."
2—Musical poems.
3—Stopping.
4—Belgium port.
5—Santa is "on the ——."
6—Incite.
7—Symbol for erbium.
8—Flat rod used for punishment.
9—Fireplace material.
10—Caroling.
11—Wander.
12—Imitates.
13—Diminutive for Elizabeth.
22—Half an em.
23—"There is nothing like a ——."
26—Skin mouth.
27—Backbone.
28—One-word description of candy canes.
29—Wrathful.
30—Fabulous birds.
32—Symbol for nickel.
33—Narratives.
34—Medicinal plants.
36—Become void.
37—Douglas or Balsam.
39—What island was settled by mutineers from the British ship "Bounty"?
40—Coffin.
43—Egyptian sun god.
44—Masculine name.
45—Give him a banana for Christmas.
47—Girl's name.
48—Maine city.
50—Measure of capacity.
51—Symbol for calcium.
52—Aglow.
53—Italian painter and poet.
54—Froster.
56—Group of French mountains.
57—Congers.
58—Santa's reindeer do this.
61—Spread for drying.
65—Symbol for tantalum.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

Distributed by King Features Syndicate